THE ART OF
DIABLO IV
COLLECTOR'S EDITION

The dreams continue to haunt me, old friend...

I see cities in flames, streets choked
with corpses, unthinkable destruction.
I witness senseless slaughter, brother
against brother, pure hatred. Suffering
surrounds me, and then my turn comes.

They burn my eyes, break my bones...

I awaken in terror. There's no one
left to stand against them. You think
me mad, old friend, but I know these
dreams. They tell of the future.
Hell is coming, brother. Hell is coming.

—Lorath

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# INTRODUCTION

Dear Reader,

Before you read any further in this book, be prepared to step into the fiery world of *Diablo* that lies in wait in the pages beyond. As the artists working on *Diablo*, we had the incredible opportunity of breathing life into the game in a way that we hoped would satisfy not only your expectations but also our own. Creating the art for *Diablo IV* specifically has been an inspiring experience for our team, and so this book is dedicated to all the artists and developers who put their immense skills and talents into bringing it to pass. Their unwavering dedication, creativity, and craftsmanship is something truly special.

I believe within these pages, and within the game itself, you will find some of the most frighteningly beautiful artwork ever produced for a gaming experience. We created this art to further enrich and expand the world of Sanctuary and its characters. It is such a joy to create artwork for this world, and the team put so much of themselves into this art—you will feel it as you delve deeper into this dungeon.

Whether you are just entering the world of *Diablo* or are making a return trip, please take your time exploring it—you never know what may lie in wait around those eerie corners... maybe some evil secret or a weapon that grants you the power to beat back the tides of darkness once and for all!

In the eternal words of Deckard Cain:
"Stay awhile and listen."

John Mueller

Art Director

# BARBARIAN

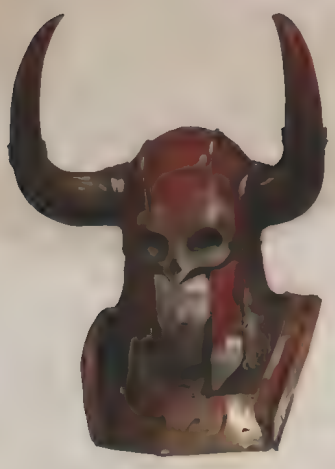
A warrior without equal. Strength beyond measure.

The barbarian is a fighter who has learned the ways of war by surviving combat and overcoming foes through sheer physical prowess. Most bear the scars of their battles; some use ritualized tattoos to celebrate their victories or mourn their fallen ancestors.

They are hard people with a blunt outlook, having too often seen humans at their most cruel or cowardly.

For the barbarian, problems are solved with force, not stealth. Strategy, negotiation, slyness, and subtle assassinations matter little to a hero who can cleave heads from shoulders with little effort.

Keep your axe handy. You'll need it.



# ROGUE

A bit of stealth is worth its weight in gold.

But let's be clear: the Rogue is not some simple cutpurse. Any fool can lift some coins from a merchant's pocket with a day of practice. Few can infiltrate enemy strongholds and hostile mercenary camps, much less survive being spotted while doing so.

The Rogue isn't spotted unless they want to be.

They are deadly at all distances, just as capable of slaughtering waves of demons at range as they are of carving up foes up close. Even the biggest foe has a weak point, and the Rogue will plant their blade there before their mark even knows they're nearby.

Sharpen your knives and step lightly.
Your new target is just ahead.

# SORCERER

Why settle for strength when you can unlock the secrets of the universe?

The Sorcerer was never interested in besting their enemies through physical strength—not when they could learn how to manipulate ice, fire, and pure arcane power.

In the Sorcerer's hands, the primal elements can reduce demons to sulphur and ash, with nothing more than an incantation and focus.

While combat can indeed be brutal, the Sorcerer chooses to approach it with a sense of elegance. Well-practiced spells have their own beauty, even as they're being used to eradicate dozens of foes in a single blow.

Keep your spellbooks handy.
The Burning Hells could use an education.

# DRUID

Too many humans think nature is theirs for the taking... until nature takes back.

The bonds of civilization hold little interest for the Druid. Not when they can immerse themselves in the power of life itself. By fang, thorn, or sharpened claw, the Druid guards the wilderness against all who might harm it.

The lack of polished, refined armor often makes foes underestimate the Druid. They ignore tales of a beast stalking through the woods, dismiss it as superstition.

How could one who chooses to commune with trees possibly be as dangerous as the rumors say? But when those foes enter the woods and never return, the rumors spread even farther.

Come. Listen to the wind. Let it call you to battle.

# NECROMANCER

Death is not the end.
Not when it leaves so many useful pieces intact.

The line between life and death is not as firm as most believe, and the Necromancer knows how to balance upon its razor's edge.

In the hands of a skilled practitioner, bones can become sharpened weapons, decaying flesh can be reanimated to swarm powerful foes, and corpses can be twisted into loyal minions...or simply explosive traps.

The sunken stare of the Necromancer tells you they care little for the peril they may face. Once death becomes your ally, there's nothing left to fear.

When the full moon rises, listen close;
you'll hear bones rattling beneath the cemetery.

# LILITH
## DAUGHTER OF HATRED

Hear now the whispers of the damned.
In their piteous laments, they groan of Lilith.

Regal and exalted, the demon Lilith is the deceptive offspring of Mephisto. She seduced the angel Inarius, formed the firmament of Sanctuary with him, and then birthed what would eventually become humanity.

Free now of the Black Abyss, she seeks vengeance against those who would kill her children. Exquisite shall be their suffering; excruciating, their pain.

Lilith is more than the Mother of Lies. The Daughter of Hatred. She shall be hatred itself. Its everlasting Queen.

DEMONIC WRITTING
CARVED INTO HORNS
CAT O' 9 TAILS HAIR
CHUNKS OF STONE ENTWINED
MULTI-HORN CLUSTER
CARVED PERFECT BONE 'FACE'
WHITE BONE
SKINNED JAW / LOWER BODY
RAGE
SCREAMS ENRAGED
HAIR FANS OUT LIKE 'MEDUSA'
TRIPLE MOUTH
NECK FANS OUT
OPENS / TEETH
FANS OUT / ARMOR COWEL VIBE
FIRE BURNS
LIT FROM BELOW

# INARIUS
## THE FATHER

Behold the angel Inarius! Spear of the Righteous.

Angry and alone, this rogue angel—who broke from the High Heavens, and with Lilith created both the Nephalem and Sanctuary—now broods in his sacred pla raging over the injustices he has endured, his three-thousand-year torture.

But Inarius proclaims us! He will set things right.

Lilith and the rueful blasphemers will have their ongues ripped from their throats. They will watch being torn asunder as He is restored to His rightful pla

# THE HORADRIM
## PROTECTORS OF SANCTUARY

Great once was their power, as was their purpose.

The Archangel Tyrael called them from the great mage clans of the East to unite against Diablo, Mephisto, and Baal.

For this, they became more than they were. However, for all their great knowledge, they were broken and splintered—known now only for their books and journals, their tomes and teachings.

Despite their faults and frailties, The Order of the Horadrim stood in the darkness to boldly face the eternal fight. And they may do so again one day

DONAN

NEYRELLE

ELIAS

# SANCTUARY

## THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

# FRACTURED PEAKS

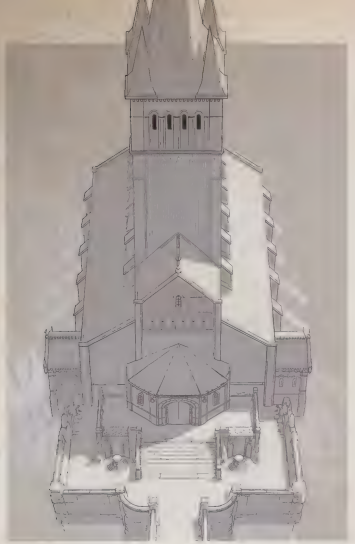
This heavily mountainous, frozen landscape has long been central in the pitch battle between the Dark and the Light—going all the way back to the beginnings of Sanctuary.

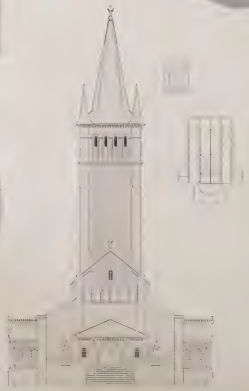
With its choked forests, burned cathedrals, and tales of horrible creatures slaughtering those who venture out in the night, it is no wonder that monster hunters and religious zealots of every stripe are drawn here.

Even the Cathedral of Light has its central ensconcement here in the Fractured Peaks since the return of Inarius.

PRAYS AND THE CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT

VIGO





THE CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT

MENESTAD

# SCOSGLEN

A verdant land with dense forests, high hills, and expansive moors, this rugged wilderness lies shrouded in fog, rain, and cold.

Located in the northeastern part of Sanctuary, with the Dry Steppes at its southern border and the Frozen Sea to the northwest, Scosglen's people are intimately familiar with its werewolves, ghosts, druids, Goatmen of the Lowlands, and The Drowned.

Even the largest and most secure town of Cerrigar is not immune to danger—though that is now mostly caused by the rising tensions between the townsfolk and the Cathedral of Light.

NAFAIN

ELDHAIME KEEP

AIRIDAH

THORIN

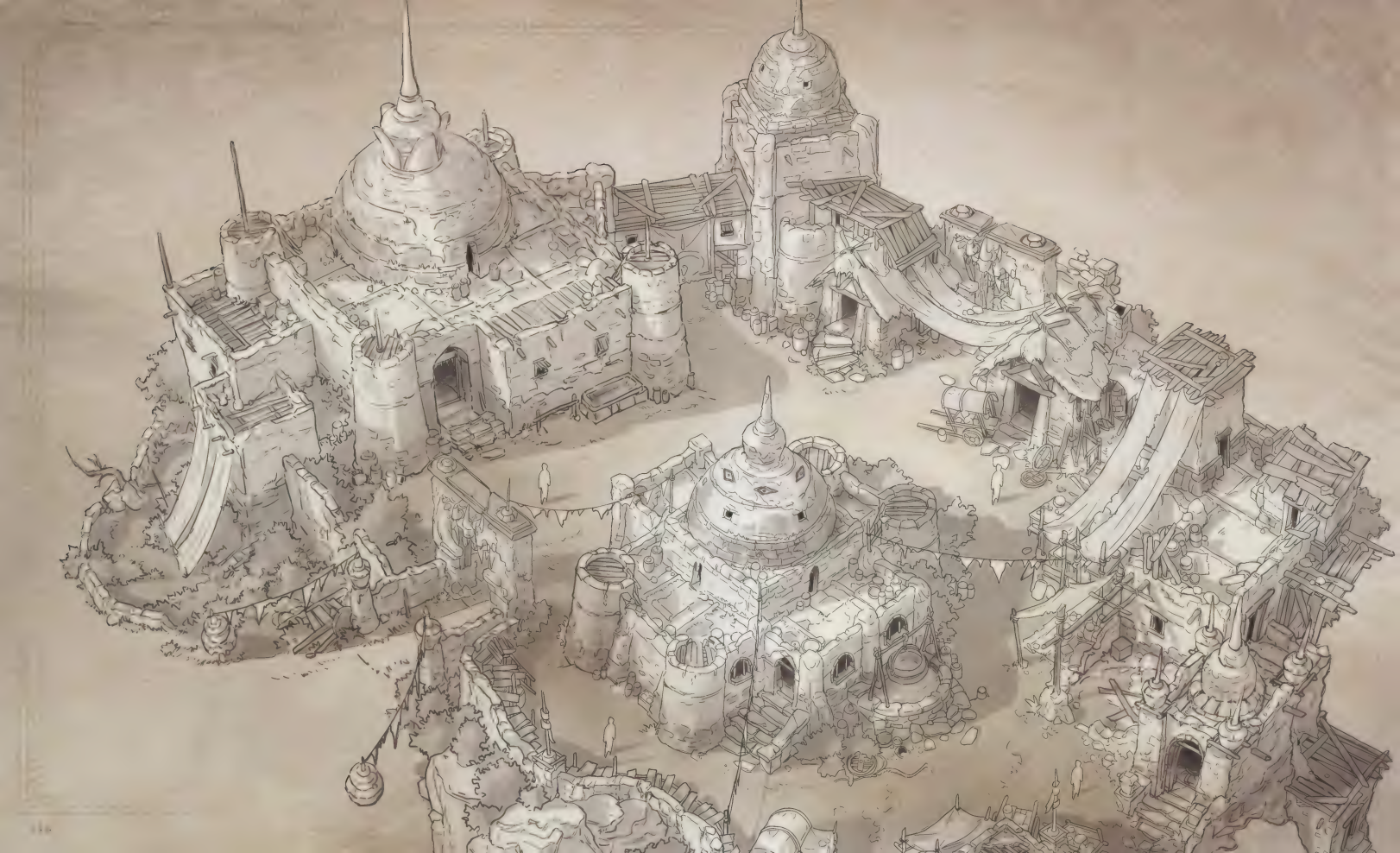
# DRY STEPPES

Full of dangerous beasts, scalding geysers, and desolate salt flats, the Dry Steppes is an ancient place built on the corpses of the people who once inhabited this land.

Now it is home to the Oxen and Crane Barbarian tribes, ruthless mercenaries, Triune, and cannibals. Bandits plague the roads north and east of the capital, Ked Bardu.

The people who manage to survive in this harsh, hopeless land do not do so by skill alone but also by sheer will.

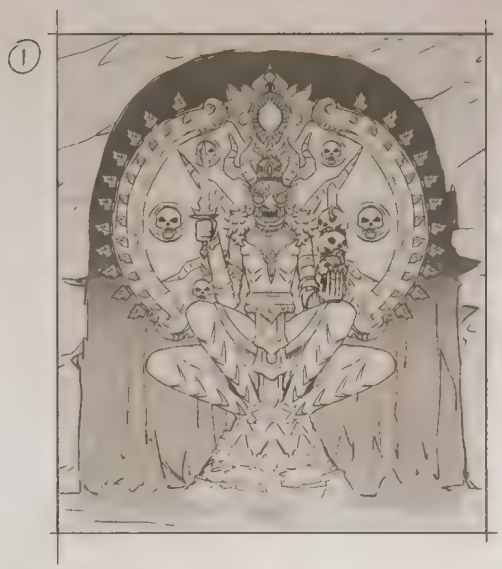
GUULKAHN



JIRANDAI

MOUNT CIVO

THE GRINNING ONI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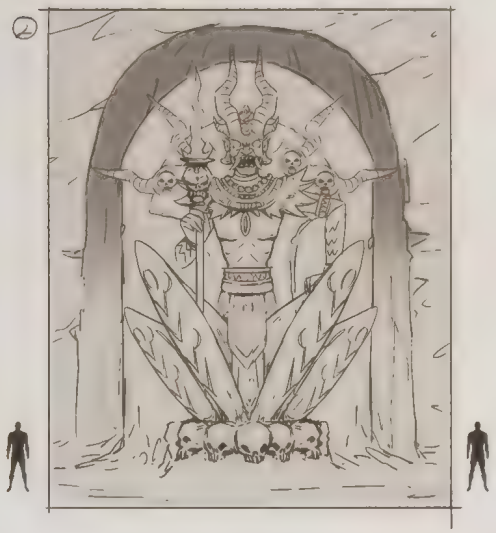
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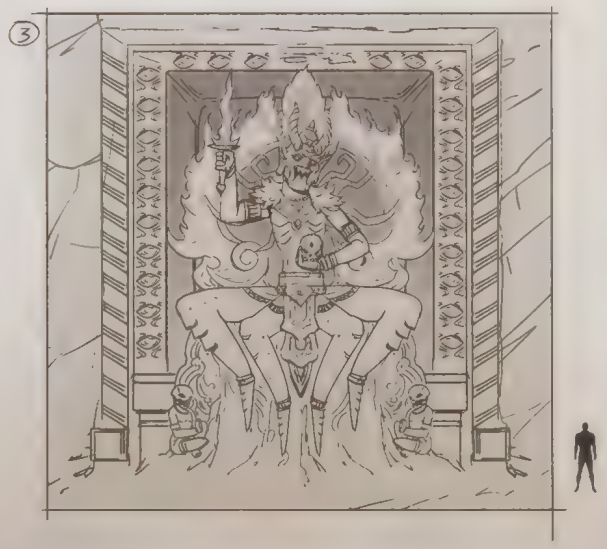
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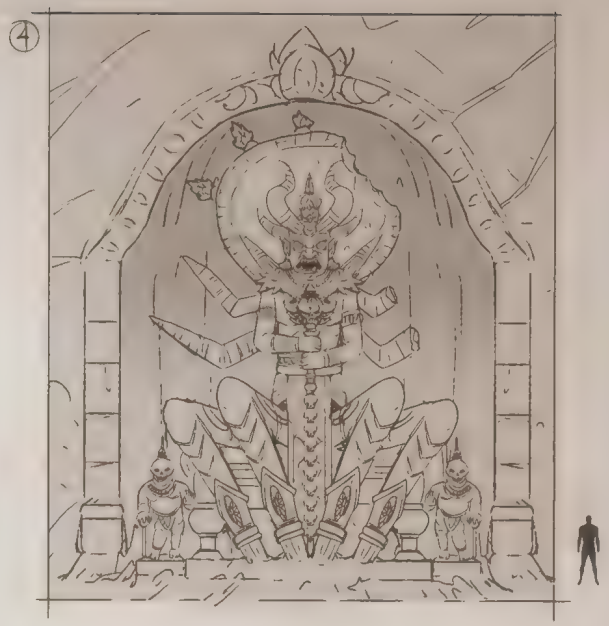
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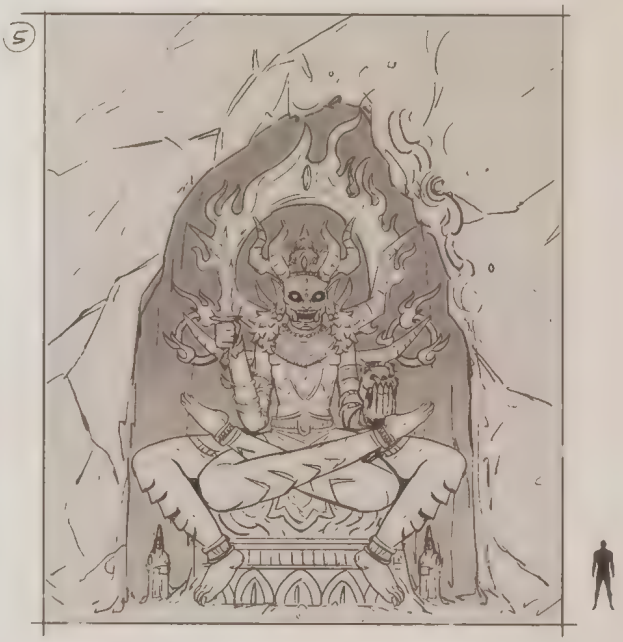
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SALT FLATS

# KEHJISTAN

Known as the jewel of the civilized world, this vast Eastern Empire was once one of the greatest.

That was before countless demonic invasions and wars reduced it to ruins and its expanse to the Borderlands.

Alongside the Twin Seas, with the emerald jungles of Kurast to the south and the emptiness surrounding Caldeum to the north, Kehjistan's people now live in fear as cultists permeate the land.

The port city of Gae Kul—the "city of thieves"—is said to control Kehjistan from deep within the shadows.

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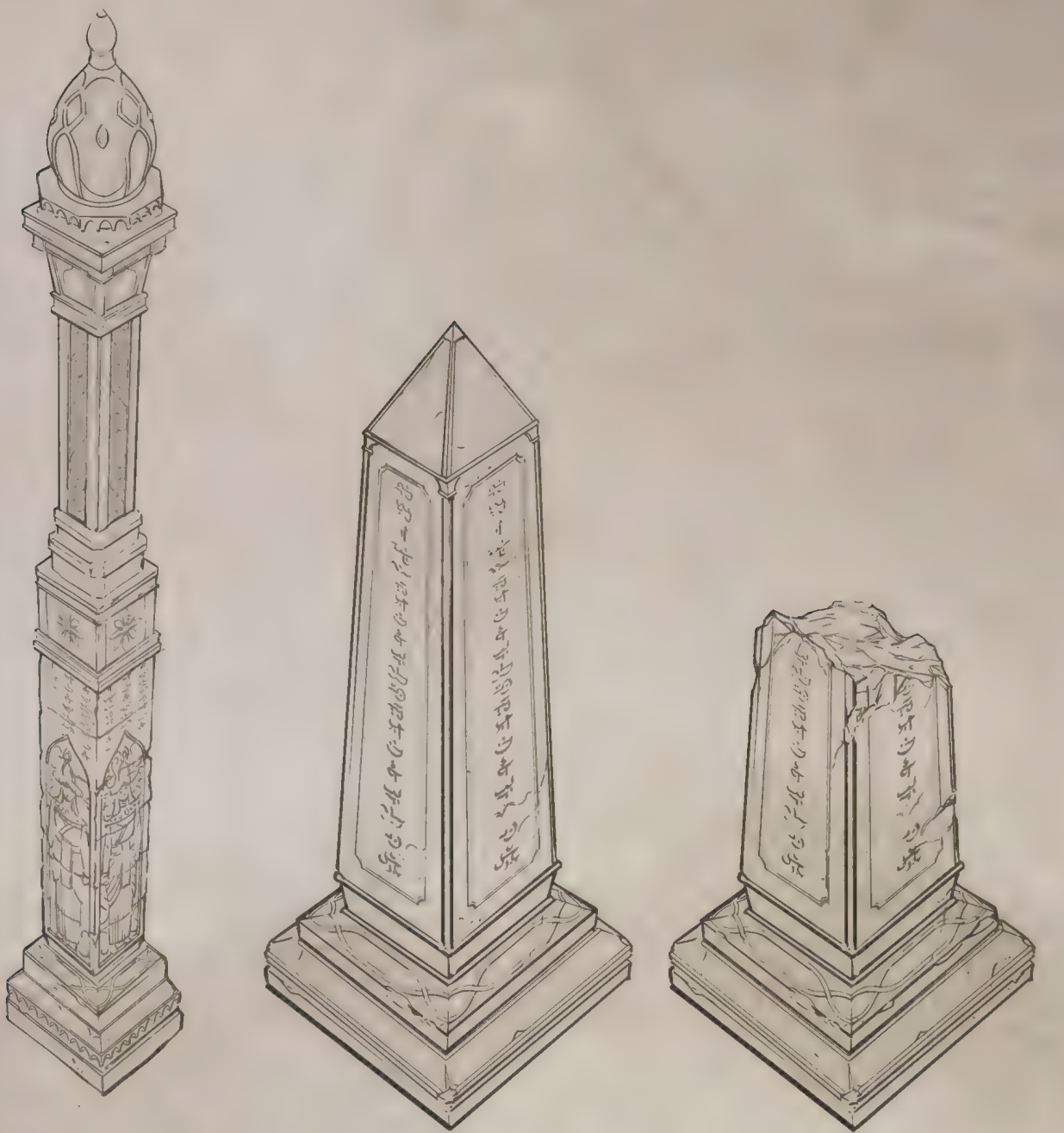

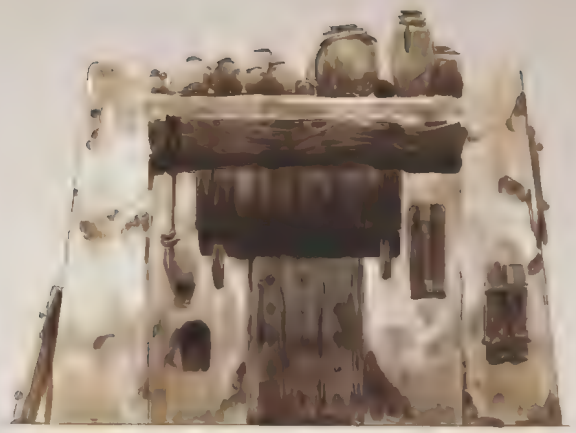

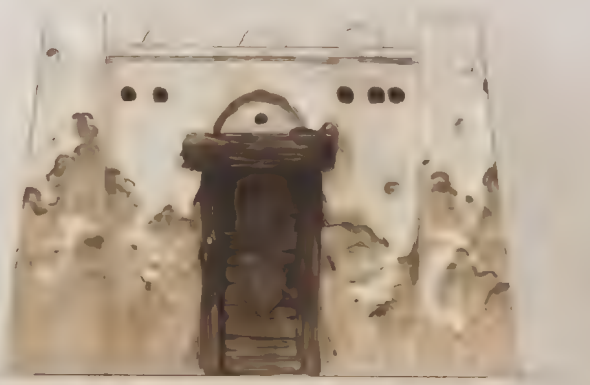

BONE WASTES

ELIAS'S PALACE

# HAWEZAR

Fetid and foul swamps, endless caves, sheer canyons, and poisonous marshland.

Disease, madness, and mysterious magic hang in the air of this cruel land crawling with carnivorous plants, swamp witches, and giant snakes—plus the cults who worship them.

The towns of Zarbinzet and Wejinhani have managed to hang on, largely inhabited by miners, merchants, and crusaders who wander the swamplands as much as the lost "Infected" whose bodies are being slowly consumed by it.

Hawezar is known by cutthroats, thieves, and assassins as a place where the lawful do not willingly tread.

TAISSA

# MINIONS OF EVIL

Some say that the heart of humankind is a dark and twisted thing. Evil at its root.

But they have never faced a screeching Succubus as it tears flesh from bone. A corpulent, cleaving Brute. A mountainous Mega Demon delivering blow after spine-crushing blow. A gut-wrenching surge of Demon Fly Hosts, their swollen bodies half-consumed by loathsome, bursting egg sacks.

These snarling and slashing minions of Lilith and the Burning Hells are unrelenting. From these demons, cannibals, cultists, and the undead, we find no solace.

KHAZ'A TO'A'LMEN

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